

The Mirror

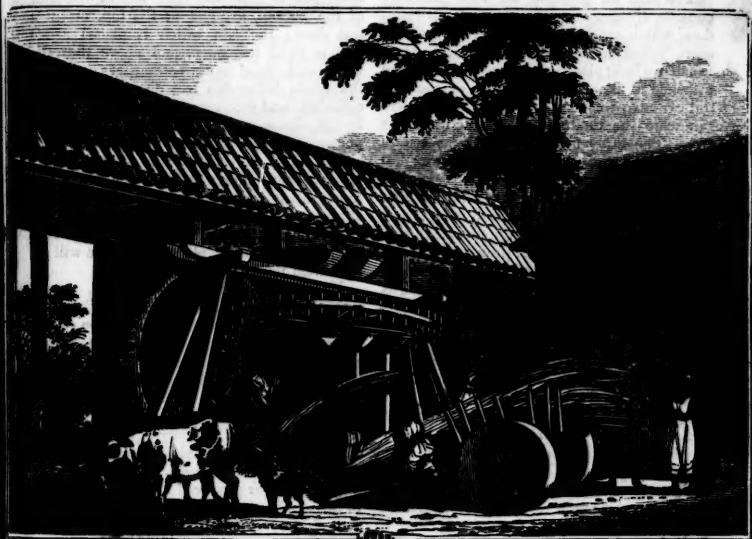
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 600.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1833.

[PRICE 2d



BRAZILIAN SUGAR MILL.

HISTORY tells us that in 1548, the Jews of Portugal being banished to Brazil, procured sugar-canes from Madeira, and thus began the cultivation of the cane in South America. "But," observes Mr. Maculloch, "there can be no doubt, notwithstanding Humboldt seems to incline to the opposite opinion, that this was a work of supererogation, and that the cane was indigenous both to the American continent and islands. It is not for the plant itself, which flourished spontaneously when it was discovered by Columbus, but for the secret of making sugar from it, that the New World is indebted to the Spanish and Portuguese; and these to the nations of the East." Be this as it may, Brazil is now one of the principal sources whence are derived the supplies of sugar required for the European and American markets.

The Engraving is a representation of the Mill commonly used in Brazil for crushing the canes, in the first stage of the manufacture

of sugar. The cane being ripe, it is cut close to the ground, and all the leaves are stripped off, which, with the rubbish, are left until the whole field be cut, when they are burnt; and immediately afterwards the roots are irrigated. In some parts of South America, the cane is carried to the mill on the backs of asses, and elsewhere in carts drawn by oxen or mules.

The labours of the sugar plantation must be so distributed, that the different operations go on at the same time. While some negroes cut the canes, others convey them to the mill, where they are ground as fast as they arrive. The juice extracted from the cane is immediately subjected to the process for converting it into sugar. Every thing must be done at once: if the sugar-cane is not pressed as soon as cut, it undergoes a fermentation, which affects the saccharine portion, rendering the manufacture very difficult, and the results less favourable. If the juice be not exposed to the fire as soon as expressed, it contracts a degree of acidity, which greatly embarrasses the refiner. The West India colonists are so well convinced of the celerity

* See Lefstau, *Mœurs des Sauvages*, tome, ii. p. 150; Edwards's *West Indies*, vol. ii. p. 203.—Maculloch's *Dict. Commerce*, art. Sugar.

profit on this capital exceeded five per cent.; which, with the assistance of the requisite machinery for cultivating and harvesting cane, and manufacturing sugar, might be doubled. The slaves were maintained by the produce of the estate, leaving a great surplus for sale."

Mr. Stevenson adds, "the management of the slaves here is worthy of the imitation of every planter, both with regard to the comfort of the negroes, and the profitable result to the owner." He also suggests certain improvements in the manufacturing process, which have, probably, been since adopted; as the evaporation of the cane juice by steam; or, *in vacuo*, so as to save much sugar which was burnt by the old method; iron machinery for the mills; and stills on the estates, so as to turn to advantage that refuse which might otherwise be a nuisance, or, if applied to any use, thrown to the oxen and asses.

INSECTS WHICH INFEST THE SUGAR-CANE.
The following observations will be read with peculiar interest, in connexion with the main subject of the preceding pages.

The sugar-cane has many enemies. Among them, naturalists enumerate the large fire-fly, an undetermined aphid, (plant louse,) and the jumper-fly; all of which are said to be bred in the cane. The myriads of ants which once infested, but have now disappeared from, Grenada, committed indeed the most frightful ravages; but it was rather by excavating their little metropolis beneath the roots, than by attacking the body of the cane.

Among the most frequent and formidable enemies is the palm weevil (*calandra palmorum*), of which Fig. 1, is the female creeping; and Fig. 2, the male. This insect is principally injurious to the plants lately stuck in the ground, to which the female is allured

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



(Palm and Sugar Weevils.)

by the juices which are exuded. These they sometimes attack so vigorously, that a fresh planting becomes necessary. They do not seem to deposit their eggs in full-grown canes, when palms are abundant in the neighbourhood.

Another enemy is the sugar weevil (*calandra sacchari*), which confines itself principally to such canes as have been slightly injured; though it sometimes attacks the more vigorous plants, which it excavates to the very ground. Fig. 3 is a specimen, and Fig. 4 a variety of this insect.

But the most destructive and common enemy is the smaller grub of the borer moth sugar borer, (*diatraea sacchari*), from which the sugar-cane is never exempt. Fortunately, in the seasonable climate of St. Vincent, from our improved cultivation, the animal is not very formidable; but, in some other of our colonies, which are subject to dry seasons, they have been known to blast the hopes of the year, to destroy whole acres of canes, and ruin the unfortunate planter. The borers are much more fatal to plant than raton canes: one of the latter will sometimes nou-

rich several of the borer worms, which perforate every joint; when the pithy centre becoming discoloured and sour, not only fails to yield at the mill, but communicates a dark colour and bad quality to the syrup of the sounder plants. The Society of Arts has long offered rewards for the expulsion of these borers; but a competent writer* on the subject thinks the object of the planter should be to prevent the insects from depositing eggs in the plants, rather than to kill those which have already begun their operations. Indeed, from long continued experiments, he has discovered, that they may be almost entirely expelled from any quarter in which the canes are carefully stripped of the dry and useless leaves, under which, as they become loose, the female borer deposits her eggs; and, were the ants less prolific than they are, we might encourage them as useful helpmates in the destruction of the borers, which they pursue and kill in their cylindrical labyrinths.

It is worthy of notice, that the grub of the palm weevil, which is the size of the thumb, has long been in request in both Indies. *Ælian* speaks of an Indian king, who, for a dessert, instead of fruit, set before his Grecian guests, a roasted worm taken from a plant, probably the larva of this insect, which, he says, the Indians esteem very delicious; a character that was confirmed by some of the Greeks who tasted it. *Madame Merian* says, that the natives of Surinam roast and eat these grubs as something very exquisite; and, says *Mr. Kirby*, "a friend of mine who has resided a good deal in the West Indies, where the palm grub is called *Grugru*, informs me that the late Sir John La Forey, who was somewhat of an epicure, was extremely fond of it when properly cooked."†

A VISIT TO THE KITTRICK SHEPHERD.

(From a Correspondent.)

EVERYTHING relating to eminent men is interesting. We are interested in learning the device of Cicero's mother, to detect her servants in stealing her wines; we dwell with tenfold pleasure upon the page of *Meg Dods*, which discourses eloquently on Napoleon's manner of making coffee; and the details of the friendship of *Shakspeare*, with "*My John a Combe*," will perhaps outlive even the memory of the golden days in which it existed. The history of the lives of the eminent dead forms a never-satiating feast to the admirers of genius; nay, some of the illustrious living have taken time by the forelock, and given auto-biographies to the world,

* The Rev. Lansdown Gliding, B.A.F.L.S.F.G.S. &c. who was, in 1831, honoured by the Society of Arts with the gold Ceres medal, for his memoir on the subject; whence these Engravings and details are extracted.

† Quoted in the Magazine of Nat. Hist. vol. v. p. 470.

which are eagerly devoured: conversations, "some passages in lives," memoirs, &c., are gulped down in quick succession; and even the salmagundi-like work of *Mr. Boswell*, embracing all *Dr. Johnson's* sayings and doings, from his criticisms on *Shakspeare* and *Milton*, to his criticisms on brown toast, is digested as though it were the most delicate morsel in the world. To this voracity the following sketch owes its existence. As this curiosity is the offspring of that lively gratitude which is excited in us by the writings of men who have afforded us enjoyment, poets, above all others, become the objects of such interest. I love the poets of Scotland: most of them have sprung into eminence from the very humblest grade of society, to the loftiest in the pinnacle of intellect. The sight of unassisted genius working out its way through all obstacles to the path of fame is one of surpassing interest: as the knowledge of the lives of *Allan Ramsay*, *Fergusson*, *Burns*, *Leyden*, &c. well attest. Our love for *Burns* is different, perhaps, from that of any other poet; and a triumphant feeling of admiration for his genius, devoted as it was, often to the dearest and holiest affections of our nature, mingles itself even with the pity for his errors in all his admirers:

Look on that brow! the laurel wreath
Beam'd on it like a wreath of fire:

Look on that brow!—the lowest slave,
The veriest wretch of want and care,
Might shudder at the lot that gave
His genius, glory, and despair!

We know that the anticipation of an honest fame was the dearest reward of his labours—as witness his triumphant prognostications in "*The Vision*," which even the chilling poverty of his clay cottage could not repress, or the cold clay "biggin" of humanity. Other poets have given us lessons of morality, or opened up to us the dreams of imagination. *Burns* deals in the realities of feeling. His song is of

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs our mortal frame.

I was loitering down the banks of the *Tweed*, engrossed in these musings, on a beautiful evening in October. I was, in fact, returning from a pilgrimage from "the land of *Burns*;" and, as I turned off from the beautiful and wide-spreading valley of the *Tweed*, all glowing in the splendid light of the setting sun, and pursued my way up the *Traquhair water*, towards the *Kittrick Shepherd's*, I could not choose but feel delighted I was going to visit a man of the same favoured class of whom I had been thinking, and whose "old and moving stories" had so often thrilled me with awe, filled me with delight, or melted me with sensibility.

My earliest knowledge of the *Kittrick Shepherd* was drawn from his own simple tales of

shepherd's life; and it was a strange medley of perishing rustics, winter storms, frozen rivers, colley dogs digging the flock from the wreath, and all such phantoms. A change came over the nature of my ideas concerning him; for I had read "Kilmeny," and I thought of him as a plaided shepherd, on the red-brown heather braes, seeing visions "of second sight," and dreaming dreams, and drawing inspiration, from all around of earth, forest, and sky. It was

Late, late in the gloamin', when all was still,
The fringe was red on the western hill,—

—when I first saw the far-famed Yarrow hurrying away over her gravelly bed in the heart of Ettrick Forest—so called because there is not a tree, as "*lucus a non lucendo*." As I was ascending the hill towards the unpretending dwelling of the Shepherd, my dog awaked me from a half reverie by running between my legs, for a score of the canine tribe were after him—

Mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree,

came rushing down the hill, growling, yelping, barking, and yelling, in real Freischütz chorus. In the midst of this, by brandishing my ash, I fought my way to the house, and was ushered into the snug little parlour overlooking the Yarrow,—hallowed to me by the thought, that the wild flashes of genius were no strangers to its walls. Presently the Shepherd came down, with a huge pepper and salt coloured shooting-coat on, and his cheeks rolled up in flannels. The bright, intelligent eye, and fine forehead were visible, notwithstanding the *cozey* bandage in which he was buried. Few men within a year or so of three score wear such a hale appearance as James Hogg. Time has touched his figure, and sprinkled the frost of age upon his *pou*; but he is erect as the oak of the forest, and his step as free and elastic as any youth of five-and-twenty. There is an extreme resemblance between Hogg and the late Sir Walter Scott—that, as Professor Wilson is accustomed to remark, had they been brothers, they would have *thought* very like each other. Time had dealt differently with them, however, as any one who has seen Sir Walter at his desk in the Court of Session with his thin, silver hair, and his benevolent, contemplative features, and quiet, lustreless eye, that seemed, in the concluding years of his life, as if every passion which it was wont to indicate had gone for ever—will be able to attest: indeed, he seemed to be twenty years in advance of the vigorous Shepherd, (who I believe was born in the same year with him of Waverley,)* whose hearty and joyous *guffaw* made

the braes of Yarrow ring, as I have heard him when scouring the heather at the rate of ten miles an hour, with his *plaid* fluttering, and his hair streaming in the wind.

On the evening I arrived, (to continue), soon after it was dark, a search was commenced in the house for old shoes, breeches, hats—with which to equip ourselves for "lester-fishing:"—the reader will remember Sir Walter's description of this sport in *Guy Mannering*, at *Dandie Dinmont's*. The Liddle men call the spear, or instrument to strike the fish with, a "waster;" but about the Tweed and its tributaries it is called a "lester," or "leester."

We proceeded down to the river with our lights, the shifting and lurid glare of which, thrown upon the opposite hills, became fainter and fainter until lost in the surrounding gloom. The bent bodies of the fishermen who accompanied us, their old, grotesque dresses, and huge shadows, were highly picturesque and romantic. The eternal hurrying by of the stream also, irresistibly thrusting reflections on the mind, anything but lessened the interest. We had not gone a hundred yards, ere one of the lesters went crash against the gravel, accompanied with short, but pithy expressions of disappointment. It was a miss. Follow fish! follow fish! was the cry. Then commenced a chase which no fox-hunt could equal for excitement. All those who had lesters rushed into the river. One rolled head over heels into a deep hole; another cursed the carrier of the light by his gods, for burning him with scalding tar from his torch; a third crawled out of the river *sans* shoes and *sans* hat; while a fourth let fly his lester as the fish shot by him, and with a shout of triumph threw it behind him on the green bank.

It was a splendid grilse; and in an hour was smoking on the supper-table. We finished our fourth jug, and the Shepherd's fiftieth tale, ere we thought of retiring. Of these last, he has the most prodigal and entertaining stock imaginable; and I verily believe he coins for the occasion, as he himself used to charge Sir Walter Scott with. Of "heaven itself," no one who has experienced it would ask a kindlier welcome than that of the Ettrick Shepherd, and the good old fashionedness of his hospitality gives it a raciness rarely to be met with.

Next day we visited Altrive Cottage, where the Shepherd keeps his books: and a most

has discovered, from the Session Book of Ettrick, that he is two years older than he always believed himself to be, since ever he remembers. I am now," he continues, "since the 25th of January, in my 64th year. What good can come out of Yarrow now?" Much, we sincerely trust; and we are happy to announce that Mr. Hogg has in the press a life of his predecessor Burns, with a criticism on his poetry. The life of one rustic genius by another! Truly Scotland is an interesting country.

* Since writing the foregoing, we have had the pleasure of a letter, dated April 11th, from Yarrow. In his own characteristic manner, the "Shepherd" informs us that, "to his great grief and vexation, he

curious collection they are, containing almost every rhyme that has been rhymed since the days of Chaucer, or Thomas of Erildoune, to the milk-and-water decoctions of the modern verse-mongers, who each claim the right of lumbering the Shepherd with a presentation volume, to have in return an autograph of thanks.

But the Shepherd is "ower deep" to be cheated into such and the like;—so setting down in his mind that "the chiel's intention was gude," he coaxes his eldest lassie to cut open the leaves, and next morning puts the volume in his pocket, carries it up to Altrive, and lays it to sleep on the highest shelf of his sanctuary.

The Ettrick Shepherd's character is not so generally known or appreciated as it ought to be. He is known to many only by name, and to a few by detached portions of his writings. To love the writer, you must know the man. There is about him a frankness and an affection very seldom to be found in literary men; and the love he bears "the flowers of the forest," as he calls his children, and the nameless traits which lend a charm to character, command our esteem for one who has been the same, unchanged by poverty and success, in good and evil report, the friend of his race; and, as Walter Scott, when speaking of him, said, ever "the worthy man and honest shepherd." I.

THE BELL

Is composed of a mixed metal, compounded of tin and pewter with copper; the proportions being 20 lbs. of pewter or 23 lbs. of tin to 1 cwt. of copper. In music it is classed as an instrument of percussion, and may be divided into three parts; the body, the clapper, and the ear by which it is hung. Its sound arises from the vibration of its parts; the stroke of the clapper changing the circumference from a round to a spherical form, which, while recovering its pristine shape, must undergo alternate changes of figure, and thus give a tremulous motion to the air, in which sound consists. A bell placed on any lofty elevation will be heard at a less distance than one situated in a valley, for this reason, that being in a loftier situation, the space through which the sound has to pass is less confined, the impulse given to the instrument weaker, and it is consequently not so well enabled to convey it to a distance.

Sir Walter Scott, in the 2nd Canto of *Marmion* has described the sound of a bell in language which will ever render apology for its insertion unnecessary:—

* We have in progress an authentic biography of the "Shepherd," both of his literary and domestic career, which, with a spirited Portrait, will grace our present volume, on its completion.—ED. M.

"They bade the passing bell to toll
For welfare of a parting soul
Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung;
To Warkworth cell the echoes rolled;
His bands the wakeful hermit told.
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said.
So far was heard the nightly knell,
The stag sprang up on Cheviot fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Luted before, beside, behind,
Then couched him down beside the hind,
And quaked, amid the mountain fern,
To hear that sound so dull and stern."

The bell is widely known, and in some countries curiously fabricated, the bells of Egypt being generally of wood. To the Turk it was an object of aversion, and in Constantinople its use was prohibited lest the spirits of the dead should be disturbed by its sound. The exact period of its invention has never been ascertained. Some authors are of opinion that it was known to the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, and also to the Jews. The prophet Zachariah, chap. xiv. 20., says, "In that day there shall be upon the bells of the horses," &c., but it may be also rendered from the original as *bridles*, wherefore this does not amount to positive proof; and the rattle, or ringing of the latter, which were frequently covered with and protected by laminae, may have been there expressed by some term altogether synonymous. Its present appellation is genuine Saxon, but we are not thence to infer that it is of Saxon origin; indeed it is more probably an importation from foreign countries about the period of the 7th century. In Latin it is called *campana*, *campanum*, *es*; and in Venice, the celebrated Campanile, or bell tower, remains to this day, all which seem to throw authority on the conjectures of those antiquarians who assert Paulinus, Bishop of Nola in Campania, to have been the inventor of church bells. Prior, however, to the 7th century we find no mention of bells in England; but, at that period there can be no doubt of their having been adopted in the service of the church, for the Venerable Bede, who flourished from 673 to 735, in the 23rd chapter of the 4th book of his *Ecclesiastical History*, describes a circumstance connected with the tolling knell, so exquisitely simple, that it fails not to bring before the reader the nun engaged in her pious avocations; his mind involuntarily reverts to the days that are gone, and he seems to hear the convent bell throwing its sullen sound to the air, now floating through the valley, now rolling over the mountain top, and now mingling itself

* Shakspeare has many beautiful allusions to the music of the bell; and Coleridge calls bells "the poor man's only music." Perhaps the finest poem which has ever been written on bells is Schiller's poem, *Die Glocke*, (the Bell,) in which he describes the casting of the bell, and all its uses, in the true vein of poetry. This has been translated into many languages, and lately into Greek and Latin, by a professor at Liege.—ED. M.

with the vespers of the assembled votaries engaged in the solemn service of the dead; whilst the long drawn aisles of the Saxon nunnery rise in gloomy magnificence on the enchained imagination.

According to Stow and Dufresnay, there is every reason to conclude that the bell was first introduced into churches about 600. These bells, however, as before observed, must have been manufactured abroad; for the first bell cast in this country was in 940, or from that to 946, by Turkytul, who was Chancellor of England to Edmund I. It was called Guthlac, after the name of the founder of the Abbey wherein it was hung up. His successor, Egclric, who died 984, also made two large bells which he called Bartholomew and Bettelm, two of the middle size named Turkytul and Tatwin, and two smaller named Fega and Bega, which, with the one previously mentioned, formed the finest tuneable set of bells in England, and were set up in Croyland Abbey, Lincolnshire, in 945 or 960. Bells were baptized as early as the time of Pope John XIII., who died 972; but it would be impossible to detail the many and curious appellations by which they have been distinguished. They have been dedicated to the Virgin, the Apostles, and Saints, and, in some instances, have derived their names from the qualities of which they were possessed. At All Saints church, Pontefract, a bell still remains which, as appears from the inscription upon it, in black letter, was dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and called the trump of God—"Hæc est Tuba Dei." In the old church, at Margate, are five ancient bells; the third and fourth of which are respectively inscribed with the following lines, also in black letter:

3. Virginis egregius vocor Campana Marinæ.
4. Missi de cælis habeo nomen Gabrielis.

The tenor bell was the gift of one of an ancient family in that neighbourhood, whose name is still perpetuated by the existence of their mansion, which was the residence of the late gallant Sir Thomas Staines. The bell is thus inscribed:—

Daundellon
I x S. Trinitate sacra sit hæc campana benta.

At the Abbey of Ouseney, near Oxford, according to the *Monasticon Anglicanum*, was a very fine set of musical bells. Prior to the Suppression they were six in number, and called by the names "Hanteclere, Doucement, Austen, Marie, Gabriel, and John." After that period they appear to have been newly cast, and known as Mary and Jesus, Meribus and Lucas, Newbell and Thomas, Cougar, and Godeston, of which bells Thomas, which was probably dedicated to the Apostle, was translated to the then new College of Christchurch; the same work records a whimsical inscription which once adorned its rim:—

"In Thomæ laude resono Bim Bom sine fraude."

The weight of the bell is 17,000 lbs.; there is a much heavier one at Rouen, called *George d'Amboise*, which weighs 36,000 lbs.; but both are surpassed by the bell at Moscow, which is the largest in the known world, and weighs 432,000 lbs.

The peculiar powers of adaptation in the sound of the bell to circumstances, whether of joy or sorrow, seem to have made it a powerful engine in the hands of the monk; and from the following distich preserved by Spelman:

"Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, congrego eorum.
Defunctos ploro, pestem fugo, festa decoro,"—

we learn that with them, as by us, it was employed in adding hilarity to the festive scene, or marriage rite; that clergy and laity were equally obedient to its summons; that it accompanied the slow and solemn pace of such as mourned the departure of those who had been, but were no more; and that whilst its iron tongue could call together the devout to the glorious duty of praising the Lord in the beauty of his holiness, its dissipating powers were such, that plague and pestilence fled far away from its presence. To such an extent indeed were its supposed virtues carried, that it was imagined the passing bell, a custom still prevalent in many parts of England, had power to drive away those invisible fiends which superstition portrayed as lurking and in wait for the souls of the dying, when released from their perishable tenements of clay. At a funeral, the corpse being consigned to its kindred earth, the bell answered the twofold purpose of inspiring a prayer for the weal of the departed, whilst its mournful sound reminded the survivors how short a period must elapse ere they would be insensible even as the body they had followed. There are some exceedingly curious and singular remarks on the death-bell, in the *Rationale* of Durand, a writer of the 12th century; which show the antiquity of the custom of *ringing out*, as it is termed, with three times for a man, whilst the knell of a female is ended with twice.

And now, courteous Reader, if the foregoing observations, on a subject which for 1,400 years has had a firm though varied estimation among all men, have afforded you either entertainment or instruction, the object of the writer's ambition is fully accomplished. If you be an inhabitant of the busy town, and delight only in the civic peal which pours forth from the steeples of our metropolis, he envies not your feelings: but if, on the contrary, you have felt how good, how glorious a thing it is to gaze upon nature, and meditate on nature's God; if you have been delighted on the Sabbath morn, whilst all around you was bustling into life, to hear the faint booming of the bell in the distant village tower, with its white, tall,

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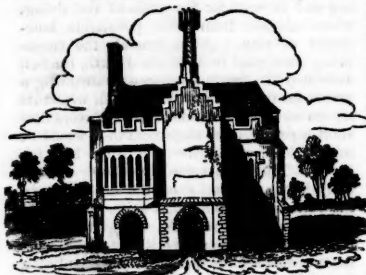
slender steeple, rising in beautiful relief against the dark, soft, neutral tint of valley and of hill; if you have done this, he will mentally accompany you to the lowly, sacred edifice; and near some ancient monument, where antique figures of parents and of children are ranged together in attitudes of simplicity and prayer, we will think of and compare the times in which they lived with those which now flit fast away; and, gathering comfort from that source whence only it can truly flow, learn to regard with composure the period when the solemn tolling of the bell shall have announced to the living that we have passed on our way, and shall be no more seen. C. S.

The Topographer.

WARDEN ABBEY.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE village of Warden is situated in the hundred of Wexantree, and deanery of Shetford, and is about three miles west of Biggleswade, and seven south-east from Bedford. Its privilege of holding a market on Tuesdays was granted with a fair on the feasts of St. Peter and St. Paul, in the year 1218. The market was confirmed in 1307, with a fair on the feast of St. Leonard. The sketch represents all that remains of *Warden Abbey*.



The manor is now the property of Mr. Whitbread: it is called the Abbey Farm; and as there is a good modern farm-house upon it, the name alone in a few years will probably be the only memorial of this seat of ancient bigotry. It was founded by one Walter de Espec, for monks of the Cistercian order, from Ruesaux, in Yorkshire, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

In the year 1217, Fulk de Brean treated the monks of this abbey with great cruelty, in a dispute respecting a wood, when he carried thirty of them prisoners to his castle at Bedford.

For this offence, the haughty baron, who set all civil power at defiance, submitted to the paramount authority of the church,

gladly making his peace by suffering manual discipline from the monks in the chapter-house at Warden; at the same time confirming them in possession of the wood in dispute. At the time of the dissolution of this abbey, the revenues were estimated at £389 16s. 6½d. clear yearly value. The remains are of brick, embattled; the door-cases and window frames are of stone. Only two rooms and a staircase are entire. In the middle of the front is an immense chimney, diminishing by stages, and finishing in a beautifully twisted shaft. In the field wherein the abbey stands, several stone coffins have been dug up, and, till lately, one lay near the west wall of the abbey. C. A.

The Naturalist.

APRIL. FLOWERS.

(Abridged from Dr. Drummond's *First Steps to Botany*.)

LET us turn our attention a little to a flower which we all know and admire; for who does not acknowledge the *Primrose* as a favourite? All plants, indeed, which herald in the spring, are more or less so. They are the sure signs of that coming season which is to replenish the multifarious lap of nature, and restore the delights of smiling fields, and tranquil skies. The botanic name, *Primula*, is derived from *primus*, first, prime, or early, and hence *prime-rose* contracted into *primrose*. It is not, indeed, the first flower of the opening year, for the *snowdrop* precedes it, though, in gardens and sheltered situations, some species of *Primula* may be seen all the year round. Added to the early appearance of the *primrose*, its scent is very delicate, and its pale colour gives it a striking expression of modesty and sweetness.

Welcome, pale *Primrose*! starting up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak, that strew
The very lawn, the wood, and spinney through,
'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green;
How much thy presence beautifies the ground!
How sweet thy modest, unaffected pride
Glow on the sunny bank, and wood's warm side!

And where thy fairy flowers in groups are found,
The schoolboy roams enchanted along,

Plucking the fairest with a rude delight:

While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,

To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight;

O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring

The welcome news of sweet returning spring.—*Clare*.

The root of the common *primrose* (*Primula vulgaris*), in powder, is said to be a safe and effectual emetic, as was "experimented," according to Gerard, "by a learned and skillful apothecarie of Colchester, master *Thomas Buckstone*, and singular in the knowledge of simples."

Another British species of *Primula*, the *Primula veris* or *cowslip*, has been immortalized by Shakspeare. The bases of the segments of its corolla are within of a deep

orange colour, and these spots the unrivalled bard has endowed with the office of giving out the delicious fragrance of the flower, and supposes them to have been the gift of the Fairy Queen. In the Midsummer Night's Dream, Puck, meeting a fairy, asks,

How now, spirit! Whither wander you?

Fairy. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green;
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Act II, Scene I.

The snow-wreath excepted, I can scarcely conceive a more perfect emblem of purity than a wild plant, native of the glen or mountain, whose flowers, gemmed with liquid diamond, sparkle to the morning sun, and shiver in the breeze. Or should the orb of day be concealed, still, each simple chalice, impeared with the dews of night, seems equally pure and interesting; and when "ilk cowslip-cup has kepped a tear," we may profitably commune with those children of the wild, and from their apparent dejection learn to moralize on the uncertainties and sorrows attendant on the lot of mortality. As in Herrick's exquisite address

TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

Why do you weep? Can tears
Speak grief in you
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teem'd her refreshing dew?

Alas! you have not known that shower

That mars a flower;
Nor felt th' unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years;
Nor warped as we,

Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers like to orphans young,
To speak by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, and make known

The reason why
Ye droop and weep;
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?

.

No, no; this sorrow, shown

By your tears shed,

Would have this lecture read,

That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth.

The Violet.—What the origin of the word *Viola* is cannot be precisely determined. It has been fabled, however, that the Greek name of the plant *Ion* (ion) is taken from the circumstance, that, when the nymph *Io* was changed by Jupiter into a cow, this plant sprang from the earth to become her food.

From the same fable the term *Viola* is supposed to have had its origin, *viola* being formed from *vitula* (which means a young cow), by dropping the *t*.

The syrup of the sweet violet is employed by chemists as a delicate test of the presence of acids and alkalies; and the flowers are highly esteemed by the Egyptians and Turks on account of their colour and fragrance, especially for making sherbet, which is composed of violet-sugar dissolved in water.* They are also said to give a very agreeable odour and taste to vinegar. The flowers of the violet are frequently white, which is a change that blue and purple flowers are peculiarly liable to, though, could we believe in the fancies of poetry, the violet was originally of that colour.

Not from the verdant garden's cultured bound,
That breathes of Pæstum's aromatic gale,
We sprang; but nurslings of the lonely vale,
'Midst woods obscure, and native glooms were found
'Midst woods and glooms whose tangled brakes around
Once Venus sorrowing traced, as all forlorn
She sought Adonis, when a lurking thorn
Deep on her foot impressed an impious wound.
Then prone to earth we bow'd our pallid forms,
And caught the drops divine; the purple dyes
Tinging the lustre of our native hue;
Nor summer gales, nor art-conducted showers,
Have nursed our slender forms, but lovers' sighs
Have been our gales, and lover's tears our dew.

Roscoe, from Lorenzo de Medici.

The Dog-violet (*Viola canina*)† is very common about ditches and banks from April to June. It is a pretty plant, but is destitute of the delightful odour of the *sweet violet*. At the first opening of the flower there is no stem, but one grows afterwards bearing fruit-stalks. The flower is sometimes white. The circumstance of this species being without fragrance has been made use of in the following pretty little address to the scentless violet:—

Deceitful plant, from thee no odours rise,
Perfume the air, nor scent the mossy glade,
Although thy blossoms wear the modest glaze,
Of her, the sweetest offspring of the shade.
Yet not like hers, still shunning to be seen,
And by their fragrant breath alone betray'd,
Veil'd in the vesture of a scantier green,
To every gazer are thy flowers display'd.
Thus Virtue's garb Hypocrisy may wear,
Kneel as she kneels, or give as she has given;
But, ah! no meek retiring worth is there,
No incense of the heart exhales to heaven!

Chauncy Hare Townsend.

"The Pansy freaked with jet" is another species of *Viola* which is very common. It is the *Viola tricolor* of botanists, but it has a great variety of provincial names, of which *Heart's Ease* is the most common. *Pansy* is a corruption of the French *pensee*, a thought, "by which name," says Gerard, "they became known to the Brabanders and those of

* Haselquist, p. 254.

† "The epithet *canina* seems to have been given to it, as to the hedge-rose, to express a degree of inferiority or unworthiness, as if a dog were always a less respectable or useful animal than his master."—*Sir J. E. Smith.*

the Lowe Countries that are next adjoining." Ophelia (in Hamlet) says,

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;
Pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies,
That's for thoughts.

It is also called "Three faces under a hood," "Cull me to you," and "Love in idleness," under which latter appellation it has been immortalized by Shakspeare in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The Heart's Ease is much improved by culture, and forms endless varieties. It is a curious circumstance that a number of the violets produce occasionally their fructifications without the petals. Withering observes from Curtis, of the *hairy violet* (*Viola hirta*), that "after the first flowers are withered, the plant continues, for a month or more, to throw out others entirely destitute of petals, or with only the rudiments of them, which never appear beyond the calyx, but with all the other parts of fructification perfect, and producing, as the first crop, perfect seeds."

There are about eighty different species of *Viola*, several of which, besides the *Viola odorata*, are sweet-scented. One species, the *subterraneous violet* (*Viola subterranea*), grows in beech-woods on the mountains of Pennsylvania. Its flowers are very small, and of a chocolate colour, and are always covered either with fallen leaves or rotten wood, and the seed-vessels penetrate into the ground.

The Public Journals.

SCHINDERHANNES, THE BRIGAND.

[An outline of this splendid villain's career of crime will be found in vol. xiii. of the *Mirror*: the subjoined details fill in, or complete the picture. They are translated from the *Causés Criminelles Célèbres*, in *Fraser's Magazine* for the current month.]

Schinderhannes was born at Muhlen, on the right bank of the Rhine, in 1779, and his father gained his livelihood by skinning cattle. He was scarcely four years of age when his father left Muhlen to emigrate into Poland; but, on the journey, he enlisted in the imperial regiment of Hildburghausen, which was then in garrison at Olmutz, in Moravia. When he was nine years of age, his father deserted; his mother and himself followed him to the Prussian frontiers, where they again met with him. With a Prussian passport they came to the banks of the Rhine, at Merzweiler, on the Hündsruck, where his father was born. They successively resided at Hommerich, Langweiler, and Hobstetten, where his father was a *garde champêtre*. Here Schinderhannes went to school; and at Cappeln he was confirmed in the Lutheran faith. After this his father lived at Hommerich, Kirchenbollach, Idar, and Weitsrod. At this last place he left his father, on ac-

count of his first avowed crime: this was in 1797.

He was then a little more than fifteen years of age. An innkeeper, by name Koch, gave him a louis to buy some brandy at Oberstein. Instead of fulfilling his commission, he spent the money in drink with a man named Hannfried. He dared not after this return to Weitsrod; but wandered into the country, when absolute hunger compelled him to his first open robbery. It was a horse, which he readily sold to one Henri Delis, at Trois Etangs.

He commenced his career singly; but very shortly he associated himself with others, and by his activity, courage, and resources, transcended and led his companions. He was an ardent admirer of the sex, and had several mistresses. At first he was enamoured of Marianne Schäfer: she was only fourteen, but beautiful in face, and lovely in person. Marianne's mother had had various dealings with Schinderhannes' band, the most conspicuous members of which proffered their suit to the youthful beauty; but they were severally rejected for the handsome captain. One of the number, however, nicknamed the Blacken-Klas, determined on the possession of Marianne, and forcing his way into her dwelling, he demanded to see her. Marianne concealed herself in the cellar, and the robber vented his rage in horrible threats, and departed after pillaging the dwelling. The mother complained to Schinderhannes when he came to visit his mistress; and he, accompanied by Seibert, pursued the depredator whom he overtook at Baldenau, where, falling on him without warning, he stabbed him repeatedly with a knife, and then despatched him with a bludgeon. At his trial, the captain said that it was not he, but Seibert, who gave the final blow. He could not be contradicted, for Seibert was dead.

The murder of the Jew Seligmann, by Black Peter, (one of the confederates of Schinderhannes,) made a great noise, and Schinderhannes left the district where it occurred for another; but, after a year's absence, he returned, and by a series of audacious proceedings spread consternation around. Beckenfeld was particularly auspicious to his exploits. Two worthy merchants of Mayence, and a Jew physician of Bingen, went to Bercherbach, near Kirn. The roads were rendered formidable by the banditti; and two individuals were noticed in an inn making inquiries about their return. The conveyance from Kreuznach took up the travellers, who were escorted by four armed men. They arrived at Sobernheim in safety, where they were persuaded to dismiss their escort, and hire two men who were reported to know well Black Peter and his band. They set out to complete their journey; but

the weather was foggy, and roads heavy; and when they were ascending a steep hill, the driver desired the two men to get down and lighten the carriage. They did so; the carriage moved on so rapidly, that they were unable to overtake it; and it was stopped within a short distance of Bockelheim by five men. One discharged a pistol at the party without hurting either of the travellers, and then commanded them to descend. Two of the robbers then fell on them, took every thing valuable from their persons, and ransacked the carriage. They then threatened the travellers with death if they divulged the transaction, and departed, taking with them a very considerable booty.

Each night was witness to fresh violence. Schinderhannes resolved to plunder the dwelling of Reigel of Otzweiler. He came by night to the mill of Antesmuhl, demanded admittance, and ordered the miller to prepare an excellent supper for himself and his companions. Various dainties were laid on the tables, and the robbers made a hearty repast. Not satisfied with their entertainment, they demanded money. But the little which the miller had, enraged the banditti; and they not only beat him severely, but broke his furniture, and then proceeded to Otzweiler. They were fifteen in number, and went directly to the residence of Reigel. Schinderhannes knocked at the door, and said that he was a member of the police come to seize persons denounced. He gained admission, and entered with Benzel and Engers, leaving the others to keep watch outside the house. They wanted to secure the inmates; but Reigel's son-in-law endeavoured to escape, and was wounded dangerously by a musket-ball. The robbers fell upon Reigel's wife, beat her, and threatened her life if she did not on the instant give up her valuables. Reigel on this endeavoured to escape by a window, but was brought down by a sure aim, and fell dead upon the spot. The neighbourhood was by this time awakened by the firing, and the robbers thought fit to retreat; but not before a woman in an adjoining house, who unadvisedly had opened her window, had been mortally wounded in the breast. The expedition was abortive.

Schinderhannes about this time became enamoured of Julie Blaisius, a musician's daughter, and determined to make her his own. She was extremely beautiful; and, on her examination, she thus accounted for having joined the fortunes of the bandit chief. "A man from Dickesbach," she said, "with whose name I am unacquainted, came to my native village, and met me in the cabaret of Jacques Fröhsch, with my sister Margaret. This man told me and my sister that we must accompany him to the forest of Dolbach, about a quarter of a league from our abode, as some one wished to speak to

me there. He would neither mention to us his name, nor the reason of his invitation. I was at first unwilling to go there, but this man at last persuaded me. My sister was my companion. When I reached the forest I met a handsome young man, who proposed to me to leave my parents and follow him. Notwithstanding his fine promises, I refused his suit; but he threatened to kill me; and thus was I constrained to accompany this stranger. It was not till long after, and when I was far from my parents, that I learned his name. He was the famous Schinderhannes."

The chief gained considerable sums by levying a kind of *black mail* around the villages, and granting passports to merchants, Jews, and countrymen. He was, moreover, guilty of an act of glaring audacity, which is worth mentioning. With Pick and Dalleimer, he had posted himself on a rock near the castle of Bockelheim, where he was waiting for Jews returning from the fair of Kreutznach. Forty-five of them approached, and five peasants; but the robbers were not intimidated by numbers. The spot which they had selected for the robbery was a hollow in the road. Schinderhannes hid himself behind a rock, while his companions planted themselves in the opening of the pass. The Jews were suddenly called on to stand—the robbers issued from their concealment, and wounding two of their victims who attempted an escape, demanded their money from the party. But they were poor, and had only a few kreutzers. Being satisfied with this, the captain ordered all to take off their shoes and stockings, and place them in a heap. He then desired each to take his own. The consequence was, that a quarrel took place among the Jews: they who had surrendered their lives to the banditti, fought with determined fury about their shoes and stockings. Schinderhannes, to show his contempt for the party, gave his carbine to one of their body to hold, while he gathered from the ground the watches that he had taken from the Israelites.

His next conspicuous exploit was at Hottenbach, where a Jew named Wolff had been pointed out by others of his order as able and fit to come within the robber's black mail system. He sent the Jew an order for some handkerchiefs, tobacco, and money; but not being attended to, he knocked at Wolff's door very late one night, and requested the inmates to bring him forth some brandy. The Jew at first refused; but taking alarm, he opened his door, and the robbers rushed in and struck him to the ground. His wife was equally ill-treated; and even an infant in a cradle was not spared.

While this violence was being perpetrated in Wolff's house, one of the bandits forced the door of a neighbour named Marx, and compelled him to surrender his money

and valuable. The band then brought Wolff, his father-in-law, and Marx, into a cellar, and after making them distribute wine to the party, they desired them to remain quiet for a quarter of an hour, not to speak to any one on the subject of the robbery, and to send fifteen louis by a certain day to a particular spot.

Schinderhannes gained so much by this expedition, that he lived for some time at his ease. After tarrying on the other side of the Rhine, he became as active as ever. Accompanied by his wife, he concerted with some members of the *Niederländer band* to make a trial on the *maitre de poste*, at Wurges. This was successful. He made arrangements for regular tribute from the Jews of Hunsbald, and various other places. In some villages the local authorities allowed his proceedings in silence. He resolved on robbing Jacques Bör, of Marxheim, in 1801. A confederate resident in this place told him that the bailly (rent-meister) wished to see him, and that he must be disguised as a travelling wine-seller, lest his family should suspect the truth. Schinderhannes went to Marxheim; the bailly entertained him well, and proposed that he should rob Bör, against whom he had a deep grudge. The robbers took their station at a windmill near the village, and sent word to the bailly that Bör should be attacked in the night. His messenger brought back a present of wine, and a request that some of the booty should be left in a particular place. At night the robbers, about ten or twelve in number, proceeded to Marxheim, and met the watch, consisting of six men, who demanded where they were going in such number. "To rob a Jew," was the captain's unhesitating reply. They thundered at Bör's door, and told him Hanne wished to see him. He, recognising the robbers' voices, endeavoured to parley; then begged them to desist: but the delay making them savage, the Jew thought of retiring with his wife and children to the upper part of the house. The captain perceived him, forced the shutters, entered with one of his band, and followed Bör to his garret. There they beat him unmercifully, and left him lifeless; then, after collecting all the valuables from the shop into the *ris de chaussee*, they forced the first-floor door, where Madame Bör, who was in the room with her children, opened a chest of drawers, whence they abstracted thirty louis, and many articles in gold and silver. Altogether they collected a rich booty. While they were engaged in the robbery, the *corneur* (watchman) passed by the door, entered into conversation with the robbers, and went on without molesting them. Schinderhannes proceeded to the right bank of the Rhine, to sell the stolen merchandise.

Many robberies were committed at this

time—the robbers got money so fast, and in such plenty, that they gave themselves up to the grossest debauchery. This was not done in the dark forest or the gloomy cavern—but in the open face of day, in the midst of populous villages and towns, where they had not the slightest apprehension in showing themselves.

Schinderhannes had a narrow escape after a robbery at Ullmet. With six of his band he entered the house of a Jew, Herz, and collected an amazing booty: Herz and his wife were most cruelly treated. The alarm was sounded in the village; the inhabitants assembled and pursued the robbers, who were fortunate enough to reach the Schonwald. The captain's escape was more narrow on another occasion. With one comrade he joined Müller, and five others of the *Niederländer band*, and entered the house of a Jew at Bayerthal, in the palatinate. They cruelly treated the Jew, his wife, and servants; ransacked his storehouse; and were returning well satisfied with their acquisitions, when daylight set in, and they divided into two parties. Near Hausen he with his party saw a crowd of peasants, in great hubbub and alarm. Supposing they were in search of him and his comrades, they fled, and were pursued by the countrymen, who gained rapidly upon them. Two of the Belgians hid themselves in some bushes, but were discovered and taken. Schinderhannes and his comrade, Blüm, reached a wood, and climbed a tree; the thick foliage of which sufficiently screened them. The countrymen threaded the wood in vain, and gave up the search in despair. At night the chief reached Wooghausen, where he met Müller, Julie Bläsius, and others: they were in the loft of a small *cabaret*. Presently, the place was surrounded by some French and palatine *chasseurs*, who examined the house. Müller was caught by the side of Schinderhannes, but he lay concealed in some hay and escaped: Müller was released by the bailly of the village. Blüm was caught and delivered over to the civil authorities; and the bandit chief proceeded by the Neckar to the Black Forest.

He was not long before he returned to his old haunts and avocations. Robberies continued to be nightly committed, with stubborn audacity and needless cruelty. On one occasion they were plundering the mill of Kratzmann of Kratzmühle, near Marxheim. They had seized the miller by the throat, flung him to the ground, and tied him hand and foot, when they pulled his sick infirm mother-in-law from her bed, and applied burning *amadou* between her toes. They afterwards burned her chemise on her person with a candle, and held the candle under her arms. Schinderhannes at length took compassion on the expiring old woman, and dashed some water over her body.

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After eighteen months of preliminary investigations, the robbers and their accomplices were arraigned: they were sixty-seven in number. The respective cases were minutely heard. Of the prisoners, twenty were found guilty of the crimes imputed to them; and Schinderhannes, Schmidt, Porn, Klein, Welsch, Schulz, and Müller the elder, were condemned to death as assassins; six to twenty-four years in the *bagnes*; three to twenty-two (of these, old Buckler was one); one to fourteen years; two to ten years; two to eight years; one to six years; one to two years' imprisonment. Julie Bläsius was acquitted of participation in the crimes of her husband, but found guilty of vagabondage, and of having received things from Buckler which she knew to have been acquired by robbery. She was condemned to two years' imprisonment. Bossmann and Charles Gabel were to have five months' imprisonment; the women, Schulz and Reinhard, were to be banished the republic. Those who were condemned to irons were for six hours to be exhibited on a scaffold, according to law: all others were to be discharged.

Schinderhannes during his trial had preserved a light and gay demeanour; he was not touched on hearing his own sentence, but gave utterance to an emotion of joy on hearing the mild fate of Julie Bläsius. On leaving the court, the robber said to the assembled multitude, "Regardez-moi, bien; car aujourd'hui et demain c'est pour la dernière fois." His guard wished to hurry him; but he exclaimed, "Hé, quoi! le bourreau est-il donc si impatient?"

The judgment of the criminal tribunal was without appeal; and execution was ordered for the morrow, the 21st of November, 1803. The chief seemed resigned, and received the sacrament. The prisoners were taken in five carts to the scaffold, which was erected where once stood the château of La Favorite. On his way, he saw an old acquaintance, to whom he said "Bon soir!" sending, at the same time, his last adieu to Julie. He then turned to the minister of religion, and said, "I will now explain to you how I came to follow so sad a life." He continued his account till they reached the scaffold, which he mounted with rapid steps. He examined the guillotine, and inquired if the blow were precise and sure, as it was reported to be? The officials told him it was. He wished to prepare himself for the fatal stroke, but was advised to submit to the usual routine. Then looking around on the multitude, he said, "J'ai mérité la mort; mais dix de mes camarades meurent innocens. Voilà mes dernières paroles!"

The twenty criminals were executed in twenty-six minutes. The sight of the coffins, which were arranged along the scaffold, and of the fatal instrument, shook the courage of

the stoutest of its destined victims. Schinderhannes alone laid down his head with calmness. His death was the harbinger of peace and security to the provinces of the Rhine.—(*Abridged.*)

OLD POETS.

SPECIMENS OF SHIRLEY.

(From a Paper on his Life and Writings, in the *Quarterly Review*.)

ON THE "RECOVERY OF THE EARL OF STAFFORD."

MY LORD, the voice that did your sickness tell,
Strook like a midnight chime or knell;

At every sound

I took into my sense a wound,

Which had no cure till I did hear

Your health again

Restor'd, and then

There was a balsam pour'd into mine ear. * *

But hymns are now required; 'tis time to rise,

And pay the altar sacrifice:

My heart allows

No gums, nor amber, but pure vows;

There's fire at breathing of your name,

And do not fear—

I have a tear

Of joy, to curb any immodest flame.

DEATH.

— I have not lived

After the rate to fear another world.

We come from nothing into life, a time

We measure with a short breath, and that often

Made tedious too, with our own cares that fill it,

Which like so many atoms in a sunbeam,

But crowd and jostle one another. All

From the adored purple to the haircloth,

Must centre in a shade, and they that have

Their virtues to wait on them, bravely mock

The rugged storms that so much fright them here.

When their soul's launch'd by death into a sea

That's ever calm.

THE PASSING BELL.

HARK! how chimes the passing bell!

There's no music to a knell:

All the other sounds we hear

Flatter, and but cheat the ear.

This doth put us still in mind

That our flesh must be resigned,

And, a general silence made,

The world be muffled in a shade.

Orpheus' lute, as poets tell,

Was but moral of this bell

And the captive soul was she

Which they call Euridice,

Rescued by our holy groan,

A loud echo to this tone.

He that on his pillow lies

Tear-embalmed before he dies,

Carries, like a sheep, his life

To the sacrificer's knife.

FASHION.

[The following scene is from the *Lady of Pleasure*, a play which, but for one wanton and unnecessary blemish, might be quoted almost throughout as a very curious and lively description of fashionable manners in the days of Charles I. Aretina, the wife of Sir Thomas Bornwell, is the Lady Towney, or the Lady Teazle of an older date:—]

Steward. Be patient, madam, you may have your pleasure.

Lady Bornwell. 'Tis that I came to town for. I would not

Endure again the country conversation,
To be the lady of six shires! The men,
So near the primitive making, they retain

A sense of nothing but the earth; their brains,
And barren heads standing as much in want
Of ploughing as their ground. To hear a fellow
Make himself merry and his horse, with whistling
Seller's Round! To observe with what solemnity
They keep their wakes, and throw for pewter candle-
sticks!

How they become the morris, with whose bells
They ring all in to Whitsun-ales; and sweat,
Through twenty scurfs and napkins, till the hobby-
horse

Tire, and the Maid Marian, dissolv'd to a jelly,
Be kept for spoon-meat!

Stew. These, with your pardon, are no argument
To make the country life appear so hateful;
At least, to your particular, who enjoy'd
A blessing in that calm, would you be pleas'd
To think so, and the pleasure of a kingdom:
While your own will commanded what should move
Delights, your husband's love and power join'd
To give your life more harmony. You liv'd there
Secure and innocent, beloved of all;
Prais'd for your hospitality, and pray'd for;
You might be envied; but malice knew
Not where you dwelt. I would not prophesy,
But leave to your own apprehension
What may succeed your change.

Lady B. You do imagine,
No doubt, you have talk'd wisely, and confuted
London past all defence. Your master should
Do well to send you back into the country,
With title of superintendent-bailiff.

Stew. How, madam!

Enter Sir THOMAS BORNWELL.

Born. How now? What's the matter?

Stew. Nothing, sir.

Born. Angry, sweetheart?

Lady B. I am angry with myself,
To be so miserably restrain'd in things,
Wherein it doth concern your love and honour
To see me satisfied.

Born. In what, Aretina,
Dost thou accuse me? Have I not obey'd
All thy desires?—against mine own opinion
Quitted the country, and removed the hope
Of our return, by sale of that fair lordship
We lived in?—changed a calm and retired life
For this wild town, compos'd of noise and charge?

Lady B. What charge, more than is necessary for
A lady of my birth and education? • • •

Born. Your charge of gaudy furniture, and pictures
Of this Italian master, and that Dutchman;
Your mighty looking-glasses, like artillery,
Brought home on engines; the superfluous plate,
Antique and novel; vanities of tires;
Four-score pound suppers for my lord your kinsman,
Banquets for t'other lady aunt, and cousins,
And perfumes that exceed all: train of servants
To stifle us at home, and shew abroad
More motley than the French or the Venetian,
About your coach, whose rude postilion
Must pester every narrow lane, till passengers
And tradesmen curse your choking up their stalls;
And common cries pursue your ladyship,
For hindering of their market.

Lady B. Have you done, sir?

Born. I could accuse the galeity of your wardrobe,
And prodigal embroideries, under which
Rich satins, plushes, cloth of silver, dare
Not shew their own complexions; your jewels,
Able to burn out the spectators' eyes,
And shew like bouffes on you by the tapers:
I could urge something more.

Lady B. Pray do, I like
Your homily of thrift.

Born. I could wish, madam,
You would not game so much.

Lady B. A gamester too!

Born. But are not come to that acquaintance yet,
Should teach you skill enough to raise your profit.
You look not through the subtlety of cards,
And mysteries of dice; nor can you save
Charge with the box, buy petticoats and pearls,

And keep your family by the precious income;
Nor do I wish you should: my poorest servant
Shall not upbraid my tables, nor his hire,
Purchas'd beneath my honour. You make play
Not a pastime but a tyranny, and vex
Yourself and my estate by it.

Lady B. Good! proceed.

Born. Another game you have, which consumes
more

Your fame than purse: you revels in the night,
Your meetings call'd THE BALL, to which repair,
As to the court of pleasure, all your gallants,
And ladies, thither bound by a subpoena
Of Venus, and small Cupid's high displeasure;
'Tis but the Family of Love translated
Into more costly sin!

Lady B. Have you concluded?

Born. I have done; and howsoever
My language may appear to you, it carries
No other than my fair and just intent
To your delights, without curb to their modest
And noble freedom.

Anecdote Gallery.

THAT YOU MUST LOVE ME, AND LOVE MY DOG.

An excellent story to this moral is told of
Merry, of Della Cruscan memory. In tender
youth, he loved and courted a modest appa-
nage to the Opera, in truth a dancer, who
had won him by the artless contrast between
her manners and situation. She seemed to
him a native violet, that had been transplanted
by some rude accident into that exotic and
artificial hotbed. Nor, in truth, was she less
genuine and sincere than she appeared to
him. He wooed and won this flower. Only
for appearance's sake, and for due honour to
the bride's relations, she craved that she
might have the attendance of her friends and
kindred at the approaching solemnity. The
request was too amiable not to be conceded;
and in this solicitude for conciliating the
good will of mere relations, he found a pre-
sage of her superior attentions to himself,
when the golden shaft should have "killed
the flock of all affections else." The morn-
ing came; and at the Star and Garter, Rich-
mond—the place appointed for the break-
fasting—accompanied with one English
friend, he impatiently awaited what rein-
forcements the bride should bring to grace
the ceremony. A rich muster she had made.
They came in six coaches—the whole corps
du ballet—French, Italian, men and women.
Monsieur de B., the famous *pirouetter* of the
day, led his fair spouse, but craggy, from the
banks of the Seine. The prima donna had
sent her excuse. But the first and second
buffa were there; and Signor Sc—, and
Signora Ch—, and Madame V—, with a
countless cavalcade besides of chorusers,
figurantes, at the sight of whom Merry
afterwards declared, that "then for the first
time it struck him seriously, that he was
about to marry—a dancer." But there was
no help for it. Besides, it was her day;
These were, in fact, her friends and kinsfolk.

The assemblage, though whimsical, was all very natural. But when the bride—handing out of the last coach a still more extraordinary figure than the rest—presented to him as her *father*—the gentleman that was to *give her away*—no less a person than Signor Delpini himself—with a sort of pride, as much as to say, See what I have brought to do us honour!—the thought of so extraordinary a paternity quite overcame him; and slipping away under some pretence from the bride and her motley adherents, poor Merry took horse from the back yard to the nearest sea-coast, from which, shipping himself to America, he shortly after consoled himself with a more congenial match in the person of Miss Brunton; relieved from his intended down father, and a bevy of painted buffas for bridesmaids.—*Last Essays of Elia.*

Manners and Customs.

THE BRAHMINS.

(Concluded from page 148.)

THE Hindoo modification of the institution of casts* clearly exhibits the origin of a system which was evidently invented by the priests for their own advantage. The ingenuity of various authors has been exercised in tracing the origin of the Brahmins, or priestly and legislative tribe; who, from their extraordinary ascendancy over the rest of the people, are supposed by some to have been a race of foreign conquerors, by whom the natives were reduced both to moral and political subjection. That India was peopled in the early ages after the deluge, there is scarcely a reason to doubt; and if so, the origin of the Brahminical system may be sought for in what appears, by the evidence of history, to be the natural progression of human society.

The few remaining monuments of ancient history, form a great presumption in favour of their antiquity; since the first Greek philosopher went to them to learn mathematics; and the most ancient curiosities, those col-

* Hamilton derives this word from Khaist. The four original classes are the Brahmins, or priests and legislators; the Kshatriyas, rajahs, or soldiers; the Vaisyas, or merchants and cultivators; and the Sudras, or inferior labourers and artificers. In the *Manava Dharma Sastra*, a work supposed by Sir William Jones to have been written 880 years B.C., a list of sixty mixed and degraded tribes is given, and thirty others alluded to, the names of which are not stated. Abul Fazel says, that there is a branch of the Besses tribe, called in the Hindoo language Bannick, or grain merchants; and of these there are no less than eighty-four tribes: among whom are mendicants, men of learning, artists, magicians, handicrafts, and such expert jugglers, that their tricks pass for miracles with the vulgar, and impose upon those that are wiser. Of the second cast there are upwards of 500 subdivisions; and one of these subdivisions, the Rajpoots, there are a thousand. It is stated by Mr. Colebrooke, in the *Asiatic Researches*, that from the intermarriages of the four original tribes, the subdivisions of these classes have further multiplied distinctions to an endless variety.

lected by the Emperors of China, are all Indian, as it is attested by the relations in Du Halde's collection.

The Shastah is the first theological book of the Brahmins, written about fifteen hundred years before the Vedah. Their annals make no mention of any war undertaken by them at any time; and it is most singular that the Shastah, which speaks of a conspiracy in heaven, makes no mention of any war in the great peninsula between the Indus and Ganges. The Indian books announce only peace and mildness; they even forbid the killing of animals.

According to the Shastah it was a formal disobedience of the orders of the Most High, which God punished by relegating the rebellious angels to a vast place of darkness, called Onderah, for the term of a whole monon-thour, which is a hundred and twenty-six millions of our years; but God vouchsafed to pardon the guilty at the end of five thousand years; and turned them into Mhurd, or men, and placed them on our globe.

The rights and pagods of the Brahmins, prove that among them all was allegorical. They still represent virtue in the form of a woman with ten arms, combating ten mortal sins, typified by monsters.

In the Brahmin law there are ten commandments, which enjoin the avoiding of so many sins. They are divided into three classes;—the sins of the body; those of speech; and those of the will or inclination. To assault or kill our neighbour, to rob him, and to violate the chastity of women, are the sins of the body. To dissemble, to lie, to slander, and speak ill of our neighbour, are the sins of speech. Those of the will, consist in wishing evil; in beholding with envy the possession of others; and, in not feeling compassion for the miseries of other people. These ten commandments tend to obliterate the remembrance of all their ridiculous rites. By them we perceive, that however absurd, or different may be the ceremonies and customs of nations, morality heals the division, and is uniform in its effects. W. G. C.

The Gatherer.

Family Attainments.—A medical gentleman, distinguished not only for his professional ability, but likewise for his attachment to literature, being in a very debilitated condition from the effects of long illness, engaged a young man to read to him. It happened that the person who was recommended to the doctor for this purpose had not exactly received what is termed a *liberal education*; in fact, he had been accustomed to dispense other than literary sweets, having taken his degrees in a magazine of spices and groceries, It will, therefore, not appear surprising, that

on being installed in his lectureship, several *apous lingue* occurred in the execution of his office, which not a little astonished as well as annoyed. The sensitive ear of his learned auditor. At length the unfortunate reader, meeting with one of those exquisite polysyllables of Greek derivation, equally the delight of the pedant and the terror of the uninitiated, fairly broke down. Disconcerted at the circumstance, the doctor inquired of him whether he had ever learned Greek or Latin; not receiving an immediate answer to his question, "Do you mean, sir," said the sick gentleman, "to tell me that you know any language but English?" The unfortunate catechumen, thus completely screwed to the sticking-place, reluctantly acknowledged that he did not, but gravely assured the interrogator that *he had a brother who was perfectly acquainted with French.*

Novel Deserter.—A naval officer, who held a civil employment at Rhode Island during the American war of independence, and who was of a remarkably spare, skeleton-like figure, was stopped by a sentinel late one night, on his return from a visit, and shut up in the sentry-box, the soldier declaring that he should remain there until his officer came his rounds at twelve o'clock. "My good fellow," said Mr. W—, "I have told you who I am; and I really think you ought to take my word."—"It will not do," replied the soldier; "I am by no means satisfied." Then, taking from his pocket a quarter of a dollar, and presenting it, "Will that satisfy you?"—"Why, yes, I think it will."—"And, now that I am released, pray tell me why you detained me at your post?"—"I apprehended you," said the soldier, "as a deserter from the churchyard."

The same officer, when a young man, and a stranger to London, stopped a gentleman to ask his way to the Admiralty. "Are you not mistaken in your inquiry?" said the gentleman: "I should think that your business lies with the Victualling Office."

Royal Mirth.—In the time of Edward II. a hearty laugh cost the king four crowns. We find in the Antiquarian Repository, the following item in one of the king's accounts: "Item. When the king was at Walmer, to Morris, the clerk of the kitchen, who when the king was hunting did ride before the king, and often fell down from his horse, whereat the king laughed greatly, 20s.!"

Past and present Slavery in England.—Under the Anglo-Saxons, parents exposed their children for sale in the market-place like cattle. Revolting as this is to human nature, we may be consoled by believing that it was the poverty of the parents in most cases that consented, not the will; for it is less painful to contemplate distress than depravity; and we may be humbled by the

certainty that the condition of the children thus consigned to bondage was far, far happier than that of those who, in our own days, are—not sold indeed,—but bound to a chimney sweeper or a cotton mill.—*Southey's Naval History.*

Excuse for Drinking.—It is related of Mr. Alderman Faulkener, of convivial memory, that one night when he expected his guests to sit late and try the strength of his claret and his head, he took the precaution of placing in his wine-glass a strawberry, which his doctor, he said, had recommended to him on account of its cooling qualities: on the faith of this specific, he drank even more deeply, and, as might be expected, was carried away at an earlier period and in rather a worse state, than was usual with him. When some of his friends condoled with him next day, and attributed his misfortune to six bottles of claret which he had imbibed, the Alderman was extremely indignant—"the claret," he said, "was sound, and never could do any man any harm—his discomfiture was altogether caused by that damned single strawberry" which he had kept all night at the bottom of his glass.—*Quarterly Review.*

Dry Rot.—In buildings on shore, more particularly large and public ones, only occasionally heated by fires, the effects of this timber-pest have of late been almost as destructive and costly as in the fleet and the dock-yard. The palace of Kew, a very recent structure, was obliged to be levelled to the ground solely from this cause: we believe we might say very nearly the same of the Royal Lodge in Windsor Park, demolished, all but a single room, immediately after the death of its founder King George IV.; and we fear there is truth in the prevalent report, that the malady has already manifested itself in the newly restored parts of Windsor Castle itself. In the churches lately erected in and about London, the damage caused in this way is known to be enormous.—*Ibid.*

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